



# Animosity in Purple



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## Chapter 1 by Luke Meyers

The Red People and the Blue People had been enemies for all of time. Their mutual history was a story of one people subjugating the other, then being overthrown and subjugated in turn, ad infinitum.

Cackle the Red cared not for the politics of the realm, so long as he was able to conduct his business and turn a tidy profit. On the day before the last war began, he was traveling with his small band of cohorts along a country highway, bound for a rendezvous with an industrious farmer who'd been supplying him with a supply of particularly special brandy these past few seasons.

The road was open, the air warm. He perched athwart the saddle of his aged horse, eyes closed and soaking the sun into his soul. It was a calm, beautiful day; too rare. Opening his eyes, he spotted a pile of something in the road ahead. He signaled caution to the party behind him, and beckoned his second to his side.

Garman Osprey, Cackle's ubiquitous dogsbody, trotted his horse up alongside and looked where Cackle indicated. They slowed their horses and approached cautiously; before long, they could see that it was no lost bundle of grain lying in the road. As they drew near, they removed their hats.

She was beautiful, she wore blue, and her body sprawled broken in a drying pool of blood.

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